their paſſion; if the recollection of ſome prior attachment, or diſappointed affection, made it on one ſide, at leaſt, rather a match founded on eſteem. In that caſe they would look beyond the preſent moment, and try to render the whole of life reſpectable, by forming a plan to regulate a friendſhip which only death ought to diſſolve.

Friendſhip is a ſerious affection; the moſt ſublime of all affections, becauſe it is founded on principle, and cemented by time. The very reverſe may be ſaid of love. In a great degree, love and friendſhip cannot ſubſiſt in the ſame boſom; even when inſpired by different objects they weaken or deſtroy each other, and for the ſame object can only be felt in ſucceſſion. The vain fears and fond jealouſies, the winds which fan the flame of love, when judiciouſly or artfully tempered, are both incompatible with the tender confidence and ſincere reſpect of friendſhip.

Love, ſuch as the glowing pen of genius has traced, exiſts not on earth, or only reſides in thoſe exalted, fervid imaginations that have ſketched ſuch dangerous pictures. Dangerous, becauſe they not only afford a plauſible excuſe, to the voluptuary who diſguiſes ſheer ſenſuality

ſenſuality under a ſentimental veil; but as they ſpread affectation, and take from the dignity of virtue. Virtue, as the very word imports, ſhould have an appearance of ſeriouſneſs, if not auſterity; and to endeavour to trick her out in the garb of pleaſure, becauſe the epithet has been uſed as another name for beauty, is to exalt her on a quickſand; a moſt inſidious attempt to haſten her fall by apparent reſpect. Virtue and pleaſure are not, in fact, ſo nearly allied in this life as ſome eloquent writers have laboured to prove. Pleaſure prepares the fading wreath, and mixes the intoxicating cup; but the fruit which virtue gives, is the recompence of toil: and, gradually ſeen as it ripens, only affords calm ſatisfaction; nay, appearing to be the reſult of the natural tendency of things, it is ſcarcely obſerved. Bread, the common food of life, ſeldom thought of as a bleſſing, ſupports the conſtitution and preſerves health; ſtill feaſts delight the heart of man, though diſeaſe and even death lurk in the cup or dainty that elevates the ſpirits or tickles the palate. The lively heated imagination, in the ſame ſtyle, draws the picture of love, as it draws every other picture, with thoſe glow-